A PLAY of Seven ACTS.

In which will be reviv'd, the Entertaining Scene of the

BLUNDERING BROTHERS.

To which is Added,

The Comical Humours of PUNCH.

The Whole concluding with the Grand Maſque, call'd, *The Downfall of SEJANUS.*

Written by a MASQUERADER; *and Dedicated to thoſe who were preſent at the laſt Ball, on* Thurſday, January 16.

Let's not, for *Party Sake*, incur your Hate,
For we're but Wooden Figures, *Blocks* of *State*;
Mov'd by the Artiſts Fingers up and down,
And mean no Harm to *Miniſter*, or *Crown*.

LONDON: Printed for the Author, and ſold by *T. Monger* in the *Strand*. 1735. [Price 1 *s.*]

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BLUNDERING BROTHERS.

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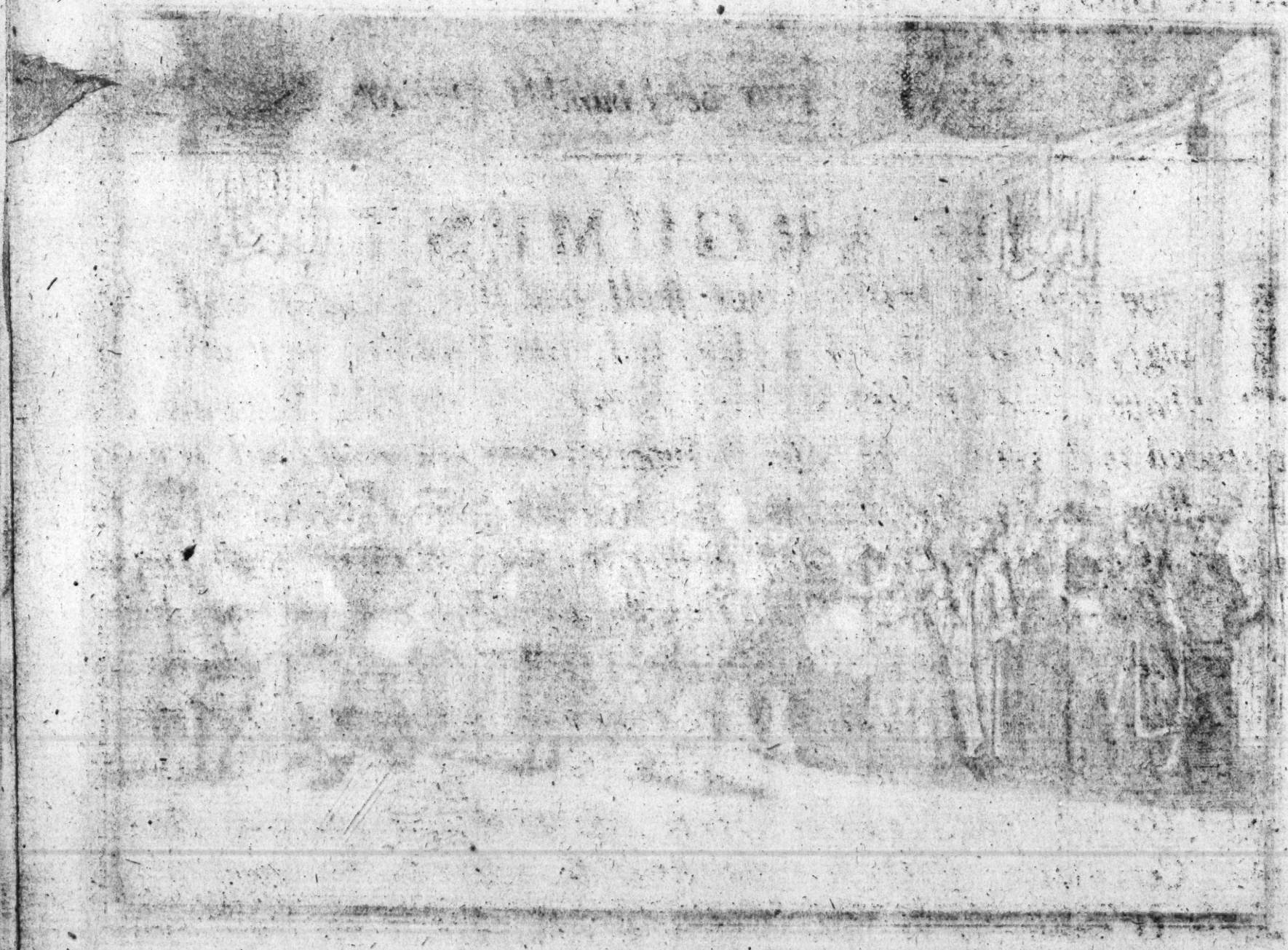
The Whole concluding with the Grand Maſque, call'd, The
Downfall of SEJANUS.

Written by a MASQUERADER, and Rehearſed at Night with more Preſence
of the laſt Ball, on Thurſday, January 16.

Let's mob the Town Sub, Incur your Hate,
For we're but Wooden Figures, Blocks of State:
Mov'd by the Arrills Fingers up and down,
And mean to Harm no Mortal, or Crown.



LONDON: Printed for the Author, and Sold by
T. Meyer in the Strand. [Price 1d.]

DEDICATION.

To the Nobility, Gentry, and Others, whether Male, or Female, or by what Names or Titles ſoever dignified or diſtinguiſhed, who were preſent at the *Ball* in the *Hay-Market*, on *Thurſday, January* 16.

AS the *Whim* of the four facetious Maſqueraders, who appeared in the Shapes of a *Merry Andrew*, a *Spokeſman*, &c. was entirely New and Humorous, ſo I make no manner of Doubt but that it was pleaſant and entertaining to you all; but more particularly to thoſe two bright Conſtellations, I mean the Brace of Nymphs, that were neareſt to the *Side-board*, and *ſcattered their Water* in Plenty. Every one knows the great Perſonage, into whoſe Hands four of the printed Bills were delivered, and how they were receiv'd: I have therefore nothing more to requeſt than your Patronage for what is contain'd in the following Sheets, which I receiv'd from an unknown Hand, with the Aſſurance that it is the very ſame that was mention'd in the *Bills*, given *Gratis* that Night.

I am

Your very humble Servant, &c.

The ARGUMENT.

IF *we look into Hiſtory, we ſhall find that* Vice *has moſt glaringly appeared in every Age, and, like* Proteus, *in Variety of Shapes, and aſſumed as many Names, as the* old Romans *attributed to* Jupiter. *In order to ſuppreſs this growing Evil, it was a Cuſtom among the Ancients to repreſent ſuch Perſons as were guilty of any Enormities, and to mention their Names with Impunity: But in Proceſs of Time they became more refined, and drew Characters according to the Nature of the Vices. The Author of the following Scenes ſeems to have copied the laſt mention'd Method, and if I judge right, has drawn the Picture of Prince* Menzicoff *under the fictitious Name of* Dives; *for as he was guilty of Ambition, Corruption, Bribery, and Avarice, whereby he amaſs'd immenſe Wealth, ſo he was ſentenc'd and ſuffer'd for his Crimes. How happy are we, who can boaſt in this vicious and degenerate Age, that we have not* one great Man *among us, but who* abominates Lucre, *having* Nothing ſo much at Heart, as the Welfare and Proſperity of his Country!

C---- and Country, &c.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter FABRITIUS *and* BRUTUS.

Fabrit. LONG have I waited for an Opportunity, ſo convenient as the preſent, to diſcloſe thoſe important Secrets, with which my Breaſt is ſwoln: To you I dare unfold thoſe melancholy Truths, which ſhock my Soul, diſturb my peaceful Mind, and fill me with moſt direful Apprehenſions. —— To you the Cauſe of Virtue and of Liberty are ſacred. —— In you the Patriot ſhines; in you the Statſeman graceful does appear. —— Your Country's Welfare guides your active Hand, warms your zealous Heart, and adds a Luſtre to your noble Actions. To you I thereforce freely ſpeak, regardleſs of Rebuke or Cenſure.

Brut. As 'tis my chiefeſt Pleaſure, my *Fabritius*, ſo ſhall it always be my utmoſt Wiſh to tread the Paths of Virtue and Honour; and as my Sphere of Life is noble and conſpicuous, my Station does allot me ſome Share in the publick Concerns; I would not be either indolent or idle, nor baſely treacherous or villainouſly corrupt. My Country has a Right not to my Wiſhes only, but my Labours; and when I ceaſe to ſeek her Glory, and purſue her Intereſt, may I be made the abject Slave of ſome aſpiring, domineering Miniſter: May I ne'er taſte ſubſtantial Bliſs, but feed on the deluding Smiles, and empty Promiſes of Courtiers. Let ſuch be the Portion and Reward of ſervile Sycophants, flattering Dependants, and all the Under-actors in the black Scene of Vice, Villany, and Corruption. —— But what new Sorrows now oppreſs my Soul? Are there more Miſeries and Calamities ſpringing from the Womb of Time? More Ignominies and Contempts to ſcourge our daſtard Spirits?

Fabrit. Daily Misfortunes have not only threaten'd, but invade us: Our Reputation's ſunk; our ancient Valour now deſpiſed; our former Glory is eclipſed, and all the ſacred Ties of Friendſhip broke, ſcoff'd at, or forgot. What muſt ſuch Omens, ſo portentous, preſage and ſignify! Protect and ſave us, thou guardian Angel of our dear *Atlantis*. The fatal Hour, I fear, and the concluding Period of *Atlantick* Glory, now draw near.

O great Atlantis, *Land revered of Old,*
In former Ages famous and renown'd,
Patron of Liberty, and Nurſe of Heroes;
The Tyrant's Scourge, to the Diſtreſs'd a Friend,
Once Umpire of Diſputes, and Judge of Royal
Quarrels, ſupremeſt Lord of all the Ocean,
How is the Glory ſunk! Thy Greatneſs loſt!

Brut. Reſplendent is thy generous Zeal, and noble Ardor for thy Country. How glorious and beautiful is Patriotiſm! How heroically great are Virtue and Integrity amidſt Corruption and Villany! How divine the Deſire of Fame and Liberty, when many, ah! too many were prone and pleaſed to ſink in Slavery, and to be buried in Oblivion! —— But let us waſte no Time, *Fabritius*, in Sighs and in effeminate Complaints, but to the Senate go, and there unfold all our Suſpicions, and, without Fear, declare our Apprehenſions.

henſions. A generous Stand may ſtop impending Ruin, and ſeaſonable Oppoſition ſtem the ruſhing Torrent of approaching Evils.——Behold, two Wretches this Way ſteer their Courſe, who in their Faces the Appearance bear of Men; but yet no better are than Spaniels, that fetch and carry, leap o'er a Stick, or do whate'er they are commanded. 'Tis not for you and I to be ſeen in their Company.

Let ſervile Slaves, for Hire, Obedience pay,
Their Country at their Lord's Command betray;
A noble Ardor does our Breaſts inſpire,
In both let's kindle true heroick Fire,
Our Rights and Liberties are all that we deſire.

} Exeunt.

End of the Firſt Act.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Pecunioſus *and* Aulæus.

Pecun. I Congratulate your good Succeſs with *Dives*. To ſpeak the Truth, he has done Juſtice to your Merit; for ſo fine, ſo accompliſh'd a Gentleman, ſhould not want a ſuitable Proviſion.

Aulæ. You do me a great deal of Honour, Sir, to take Notice of my Qualifications and Accompliſhments; I hope I ſhall fill the Poſt, that *Dives* hath conferr'd on me, to his Satisfaction, and my own Profit.

Pecun. I wiſh I had the Honour of being ſo much favour'd by him, as to receive his Commands; no Man ſhould be more faithful, or more grateful.——But, alas! it is my Misfortune not to be any Way related to him; neither have I as yet done him any important Service, tho' I have conſtantly both in publick and private Converſation applauded his Actions, and always gave him my Voice and Intereſt.

Aulæ. Surely *Dives* entertains ſome Jealouſy of you.——Are you not intimate with ſome of the Male-Contents? The Maligners, Backbiters, Scriblers, Craftſmen, or Verſifiers? If you have been ſeen in Company with any of theſe, your Character is loſt.——Or, perhaps, you have been ſo imprudent, as to eſpouſe the Cauſe of Virtue, Juſtice, and Honour; or you have——

Pecun. No, truly; I am not conſcious of having given him any Diſguſt. All my Actions have been calculated for the Meridian of my own Emolument: My ſhatter'd Fortune and deſperate Circumſtances are incompatable with Virtue and Honour. To ſupport myſelf decently, I am obliged to run any Lengths, and embarque in the Cauſe moſt agreeable to *Dives*.

Aulæ. If you will follow my Counſel, I dare promiſe you cannot long want Preferment.

Pecun. With Pleaſure I ſhall hear your Propoſals, and with Sincerity will proſecute them.

Aulæ. I underſtand that you are unmarried; now there is a Lady, pretty well advanced in Years, who has a moderate Fortune, but is related to *Dives*. Marry her, and if I judge not amiſs, your Fortune will certainly be made for ever.

Pecun. Your Scheme has an Air of Probability, and gains my Approbation; I will begin the Attempt without Delay.

Aulæ. I heartily wiſh you all the Succeſs, you can deſire in obtaining the Lady, and a good Place. But here comes *Nigerrimus*, he is a near Relation of *Dives*; I will take this Opportunity to be informed of ſome Particulars for your Advantage.

Pecun. You are very obliging. [*Bows and Exit.*

Enter

Enter Nigerrimus.

Niger. I am very glad to ſee you, Sir; have you paid your Devoir at the Levee of the great *Dives* this Morning?

Aulæ. I never fail in my Duty, or my Gratitude to *Dives*, my grand Benefactor.

Niger. What News do you hear? Is any Thing remarkable ſtirring? Was my noble Kinſman ſerene and gay, as uſual?

Aulæ. All Smiles and Complaiſance, according to his Cuſtom. —— Tho' I could not refrain from obſerving with Regret, that his Levee was not ſo numerous, as I have ſeen it. Heaven ſend it forebodes no Ill to him.

Niger. How poor, how puſillanimous a Thought do you entertain! —— What can touch, or reach him? Is he not the Sun of our Orb? When he withdraws his radiant Beams, Darkneſs and Confuſion will o'erwhelm our new *Atlantis* and the Kingdom of *Eutopia* in general. Our Peace and Happineſs ſubſiſt by him; the mightieſt Monarchs tremble at his Nod, War's loud Alarms are huſh'd if he but frowns, and if a pleaſant Countenance he wears, the Ocean ſmiles with Plenty. The Southern Powers of *Greece* applaud his Counſels, and thoſe of Nothern *Lapland* dread him.

Aulæ. Happy are you, who have in Politicks converſant been, and verſed in Myſteries of State; you know theſe Things, and Foreign Courts familiar are to you; but I to all their different Intereſts am a Stranger.

Niger. I with ſome Foreign Employs have been honour'd; the Hearts of Princes, their Intereſts, and their Dignities I know; nor am I ignorant of my own great Parts, my Qualifications, and great Alliances; therefore I never cringed to Princes, ſtifled my Jeſt, or curb'd my Inclinations to gratify the Form of Ceremony, Decency or Reſpect.

Aulæ. I am not unacquainted with your Boldneſs of Spirit in the Nothern Parts; your Aſſurance and Behaviour was highly extolled and magnified by your Friends, tho' ſome Perſons charge you with Want of due Reſpect, and Decency to your Superiors.

Niger. Their Snarls, their Cenſures I deſpiſe, deteſt: —— I neither want or value their good Word.—— My Alliance is my Safe-guard, my Riches my Support and Comfort. ——But, methinks, I ſee the grand Triumvirate make their Approaches this Way, and good Manners teach us to retire.

Aulæ. I find he can ſhew Reſpect to his Relations, tho' he refuſes to give it to Princes. [*Aſide.*

When Favours are conferr'd on wealthy Fools,
They prove at beſt but vain and empty Tools:
Then ſay, whom moſt we juſtly ſhould deride,
The Fool, or him, who puffs him up with Pride? [Aſide.] [Exeunt.

End of the Second Act.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Dives, Superbus, *and* Profuſus.

The Scene opens, and diſcovers Brutus, Fabritius, Horatius, *and the whole Senate ſitting.*

Brut. MOST venerable Fathers, the Love of Juſtice and Liberty, the Cauſe of my Sovereign and my Country, have ever warm'd my Breaſt, inſpired my Actions, and employ'd my Life: If therefore I ſhould be ſilent when Dangers threaten, and Calamities hover o'er our Heads, I may be thought to deſert and betray my Charge, my King, and my Country.

1ſt *Sen.*

1ſt. *Senat.* Your Zeal and Ardor is not unknown to this auguſt Aſſembly: Their Candour to you, and Juſtice to Delinquents, you need not doubt. Proceed, therefore, ſpeak, declare, and lay your Complaints before us.

Brut. Your Goodneſs, thus promiſed, encourages my Deſign. —— Of late divers malignant Stars have ſhed their poiſonous Influence on our Iſle; our Glory fades, our Reputation withers, and our Proſperity decays. Whence ariſe theſe Evils and Plagues to our Conſtitution? 'Tis your Buſineſs, Conſcript Fathers, to ſearch and examine, 'tis my Duty to give all poſſible Aſſiſtance. I have unravelled ſome Myſteries of State, which will detect thoſe Means, by which our Shame and Detriment have been introduced; and the Perſons criminal, ſhall be known and ſpecified. What I have obſerved is a notorious, and almoſt epidemical Corruption; nay, Corruption has been publickly vindicated, and by ſophiſtical Arguments proved uſeful and neceſſary. An ambitious Thirſt of Power and Greatneſs in ſome, their monopolizing all Places of Truſt, Profit, or Power, whereby the Generous and the Noble are excluded, has rendered the greateſt Patriots contemptible, and almoſt uſeleſs. They have imbibed an avaritious Love of Riches, which always tempts its Votaries to all Scenes of Wickedneſs, Injuſtice, and Oppreſſion. They tenaciouſly adhere to a ſtrange Conceitedneſs and Opinion of ſome particular Schemes and Projects, hatch'd, contriv'd, and invented by themſelves? theſe Schemes and Projects, thus hatched by them, are directly oppoſite to our Happineſs, obſcure our Glory, diminiſh our Trade and Commerce. —— Theſe are the Sources of thoſe Evils, of which we now complain, which we ſhall hereafter feel, and too late lament. ——— Your Wiſdom, Conſpicuous Fathers, muſt ſtop theſe Sources, and the Cannel, which flows with innumerable Evils, will then be dry, barren of Miſchief, and void of future Calamities.

Fabrit. That worthy Senator has in general pointed out the Myſteries of Iniquity, which weaken our State, and render our Conſtitution ſick and languid; 'tis our Parts to apply proper Remedies, and, like ſkillful Phyſicians, cut off the corrupt and gangreen'd Members, before the whole Body be infected. It is therefore my Opinion, to examine inſtantly, to enquire, and ſearch into the Cauſe of all our Grievances; to diſcover the Motives of the general Murmurs, Diſquiet, and Uneaſineſs, which haunt and poſſeſs the People's Minds and Souls: And then the Cauſe once known, to purſue with Rigour and Juſtice, thoſe falſe, weak, or corrupt Perſons, who have endangered our State, ruined our Repoſe, blaſted our Fame, and leſſened our Power.

2d. *Senat.* Agreeable to the Opinion of that Senator, that ſpoke laſt, let us all unanimouſly aſſent, moſt noble Fathers, to poſtpone the Diſpatch of all other Buſineſs and Affairs, and apply ourſelves to this grand, this important Inquiry.

All Senat. Agreed, agreed.

Brut. Fathers, let us not proceed with Raſhneſs, Malice, or Injudiciouſneſs: But let us furniſh ourſelves with proper Materials for a full Detection and Diſcovery of the Truth: Let Papers, Orders, Settlements, Compacts and Agreements, be laid before us. ——— Let Perſons, Officers, Miniſters, and others, attend us: Then let us examine with Reſolution, judge with Courage, and puniſh with Severity, or acquit the Accuſed with Honour.

All Senat. Be it ſo, be it ſo.

3d. *Senat.* We will proceed on this Affair To-morrow, and nothing ſhall intervene to hinder us.

Brut. *For ſalutary Ends our Laws were made,*
No vile Delinquent ſhall their Force evade:
Juſtice, tho' blind, impartially does act,
And with the Sword will puniſh each baſe Fact.
Let wealthy Traytors feed their Minds with Hope,
They'll find their Deſtiny is Ax, or Rope. [Exeunt.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE, *The Senate-Houſe.*

1ſt. *Senat.* NOW, Gentlemen, let us proceed to the Buſineſs of the Day.

Horat. I may, perhaps, from ſeveral Circumſtances, be ſuppoſed partial to thoſe, who are the Objects of the Reſentment of this venerable Aſſembly; but yet when I reflect upon the Honour and Juſtice of this noble Senate, I am not afraid to declare my Sentiments with Freedom and

Boldneſs.----That Affairs have not ſucceeded ſo proſperouſly as we could wiſh and expect; that we are ſtill kept in Suſpence and Uncertainty, is not owing to the Ignorance of the Managers, as ſome do inſinuate, ſo much as to the Caprice of Fortune, and to ſtrange, and unforeſeen Accidents. The beſt concerted Meaſures have been often defeated, and the wiſeſt Polititians miſtaken and out-witted. Where various Wheels are neceſſary to perpetuate a Motion, 'tis no wonder that they are ſometimes ſtop'd, or obſtructed; ſo that Neceſſity, or rather Fatality, muſt be allowed ſome Share in the Ill ſucceſs that is now complain'd of. Again, Worthy Fathers, it is objected againſt *Dives*, that he has remarkably preferr'd his Relations and Friends; is there any Thing more natural and reaſonable? If he has by a provident Conduct raiſed an ample Fortune, it may be the Object of Envy, but ought not to be an Argument of Guilt: If he has gain'd Honour and Titles for himſelf and Family, they were given as Royal Acknowledgements and Rewards of conſumate Merit, and great Capacity. I cannot therefore believe a few popular Clamours, raiſed by mercenary Scribblers, or diſappointed Male-Contents, will ſo far prevail and prejudice this wiſe Aſſembly, to condemn the Innocent, the Worthy, and the Excellent *Dives*.

2d, *Senat.* Let us ſuſpend the further Conſideration of this Matter 'till To-morrow.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

Enter Dives *and* Superbus.

Div. What, am I then deſerted and betray'd by my own ſervile Creatures? Will not ſome Foreign Powers lend any Aſſiſtance to ſupport me? Are all my Favours ſo ſoon forgot? And all my Golden Showers dry'd up? O, perverſe Fortune! O fickle, and inconſtant Man!

Superb. My Lord, Complaints are fruitleſs; you conſume your Spirits, and waſte your Time in Folly.----Summons all your Courage, Cunning, and Reſolution: Try all Arts, Means, and Flatteries.---- Promiſe ſome, threaten others, and boaſt of Innocence to all. As for my Part, I am certainly leſs obnoxious to popular Clamours, and univerſal Hatred, yet I fear I ſhall fall with you.

Enter to them Horatius.

Horat. Your Orders and Inſtructions, Lord *Dives*, to the *Carthagian* Court, I proſecuted with all manner of Secrecy and Punctuality: But how cold was I receiv'd! how different a Reception did I find from what I formerly met with!---- Their Turn is ſerved; now they forget us; nay, diſpiſe and laugh at us, ſo that no Hope, my Lord, can ariſe from that Quarter.

Div. To what a wretched State am I driven! muſt I fall a Sacrifice to *Brutus*, and his pretended Patriots? muſt all my Pomp and Greatneſs vaniſh like a Vapour? Muſt I be contemn'd, ſcorn'd, arraign'd, condemn'd and executed? I cannot bear the galling Thought----To *Placidus* I will ſubmit, and his Protection crave; if denied I will not fall alone, or unreveng'd.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Aulæus, Pecunioſus, *and* Nigerrimus.

Aulæ. (*Speaking to* Pecunioſus.) Well, Sir, have you ſucceeded? Has my Advice contributed to your Happineſs, or Fortune?

Pecun. Your Intention was generous and friendly, though my Fate is malicious; your Scheme comes too late.

Aulæ. If it is probable and reaſonable, how can it come too late?

Pecun. Times are changing, Sir, and I muſt alſo change my Way of Thinking and Acting----'Tis rumour'd that *Dives* will be impeached.

Niger. Baſe, ungenerous Wretch! how have I ſeen thee ſervilely cringe, and lowly bow to *Dives* (like the idolatrous *Perſians* who adore the riſing Sun) while he held the Reins of Power and Authority?

Pecun. I own, Sir, that, like the *Perſians*, I adore the riſing Sun; the ſetting Sun does always bring uncomfortable Night, and miſerable Darkneſs with it.

Aulæ. I pity, from my Soul I pity the unfortunate *Dives*, and his approaching Fate; I cannot be unmindful of his Favours, and Graces to me. But Intereſt and Self-preſervation render it dangerous to appear in his Behalf.

Niger. Cannot Gratitude and Honour inſpire you with more generous Sentiments? Cannot the Senſe of all his Goodneſs and Benefactions to you, excite your Hearts to higher Acts, than thoſe deſpicable ones of Pity? For Shame, ye baſe, degenerate Wretches, whoſe Souls are all *Plebeian*, exert yourſelves for your Patron; vindicate his Character, and juſtify his Conduct.

Pecun.

Pecun. Your own Intereſt and private Views dictate this Philoſophy; you ſeem more afraid of looſing the Advantages you received from your Patron, than of looſing the Patron himſelf. You have no Chance, no Pretence to any Grace from his Succeſſor, therefore are deſirous of his Continuance and Support: You wiſh *Dives* may flouriſh, tho' *Atlantis* periſh; you would gladly build your own Greatneſs on your Country's Ruin. But as for me, I have ſome Principles, ſome Love for our Commonweal, and Concern for its Grandeur and Proſperity.

Niger. *Cou'd you but view Mens Souls, you ſoon wou'd find*
Scarce one in ten, whom Intreſt does not bind:
Intreſt the Main-ſpring is, and if that fails,
Then tell me what the whole Machine avails. [Exeunt.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Being the Scene of the *Blundering Brothers.*

The Curtain riſes, and diſcovers Rabi Blunder *and* Saphick.

Rab. THANKS to the Gods, who've crown'd my elder Days
With deathleſs Honours, and immortal Praiſe,
Whoſe Influence ſhone upon my younger Prime,
And promis'd fuller Joys in future Time.
Sap. Such *patriot Breaſts* ſeem Heav'n's peculiar care,
Drop down like Stars, t' illuminate our Sphere;
Succeeding Times ſhall boaſt how firm you ſtood,
How ſtaunch to Truſt, you ſtem'd a boiſt'rous Flood,
With *Phœbus* ran a ſteady Courſe of Years,
Whilſt the ſame Fire and Spirit ſtill appears;
How *Moſes*-like you broke our captive Chains,
And turn'd our Deſarts into fruitful Plains,
Stopt the Career of *Jehu*'s rapid Wheel,
Oppos'd his Race, and foil'd his barbed Steel;
Such Faith recording Annals ſhall unfold,
And *Blunder* live in monumental Gold.
Rab. No more, the Buſ'neſs of the Day comes on,
Demands Diſpatch, and ſpeaks what muſt be done;
Our Foes are numerous, and the grumbling Crowd
Mix their Complaints, and like the Winds grow loud,
Like *Jove*'s Twin-planets we'll bear equal Sway,
Fix'd Conſtellations of propitious Day;
Yet here alone, we'll differ from his Race,
They ſhine alternate, we conjunctly blaze.
Sap. Succeſs attend the glorious Toil in Hand,
Speed ev'ry Wiſh, and drain the fatten'd Land.
But ſay, what Scheme (for the exalted Senſe,
Can cover Hell-born Fraud with fair Pretence)
Impart the Joy, and let it ſtill be known,
That *Saph* and *Blunder* ſhall be ever one.
Rab. To thee, whom Nature has ſo near ally'd,
With *brazen Front-piece*, and *deſpotick Pride*;
Whoſe *thoughtleſs Looks* betray that *empty Space*,
Where NOTHING reigns, and plays about thy Face:
The Cauſe I'll ope, the Matter I'll unfold,
With Mountain Hopes, that ſwell with *Tuns* of *Gold.*
Saph. Oh, *Blunder*! how my working Paſſions move,
At this kind Inſtance of fraternal Love;
My Blood runs refluent thro' my trembling Veins,
And ſomething whiſpers I ſhall ſhare the Gains.
Rab. Time and Occaſion may do wondrous Feats,
Time *ripens Miſchief*, whilſt Occaſion waits;
'Till then, no more; for lo! my *Minions* throng,
Thicken in Form, and juſtling crowd along;
In *ſuppliant Poſture* at my *Shrine* they bow,
Riſe with my *gracious Nod*, or *tumble low*;
Ex. Saph.

Enter Lord Lackwit, *Sir* Whiffle Youngſter, Falſe-in-game *and* Mouſeborn, *bowing low.*

S. *Whif.* Hail! to the mighty *Blunder* of the Age,
Whoſe Beauties ſhine thro' *Courtly Lackwit's* Page; [*He points to Lord* Lackwit.

With

With *Cringe* obſequious, here behold we ſtand.
With *Falſe-in-game* and *Mouſeborn* Hand in Hand.

Rab. Your *Zeal*, my *Lord*, for my *de-pending Cauſe*,
Gives you no *ſmall Pretenſion* to *Applauſe*;
The *mighty Favour* I with Pleaſure own,
And thus adopt Thee for my *P---n---d Son*:
Be twice *Five Hundred Pounds* thy Annual Rent,
Charg'd, without *Tax*, upon the *G—t*.

L. *Lack.* When *Virtue*, ſtain'd by *factious Bookworms* ſtands,
The *Pen* ſhould be employ'd, as well as *Hands*;
Satire ſhould then, impartially ſevere,
Strike at the *Guilty*, nor be aw'd by *Fear*;
For *Party Rage* without Diſtinction raves,
Mingling the *free-born Natives* with the *Slaves*.

S. *Whif.* Behold th' Avengers of great *Blunder's* Name,
The matchleſs *Mouſeborn*, and fam'd *Falſe-in-game!*
With *equal Skill* both took the *Paper Field*,
And, tho' repuls'd with *Shame*, would *never yield*.

Rab. Your Praiſe confirms 'em generous and bold,
Nor ſhall ſuch *Secret Service* want for *Gold*;
Envy will Riſe, and, with malignant Force,
Bellow revengeful Arms to check its Courſe:
For this *Craft* triumphs, for this *Sheer-wit* ſings
The *Fall* of *Statesmen*, and the *Fate* of *Kings*.

L. *Lack.* Vain is their reſtleſs Spirit, vain their Rage,
And vain their *Doctrines* to reclaim the Age:
Thy *Pow'r* and *Treaſure* like a Storm deſcends,
To *blaſt* their Hopes, and gain Thee *faſter Friends*.

[*Falſe-in-game* *and* *Mouſeborn* *preſent* Rabi *with a Petition, which he returns, and orders one of 'em to read*]

Sir, by Petition, humbly we implore,
To ſnack ſome Part of your *Peruvian* Ore,
Or elſe, by G--d, we never can write more.
Our *Ink* and *Paper*, like our *Wits*, conſume,
Our *Landlord* rags, and ſwears he'll lock the Room,
And if once padlock'd out, where can we come?
Some *little Bill*, directed to the *Bank*,
Drawn upon Meſſ. *Smoakers*, or Sir *Frank*,
Will plump our Guts, nor make 'em look ſo lank.
In hopes *Your Honour* will not let us rue,
We've ſign'd our Names (as much as we can do)
And not *much more's* expected, Sir, from you.

L. *Lack.* Hence from his Sight, ye *ſtupid Sons* of Want,
Muſt you no ſooner *aſk*, than he muſt *grant*?
What! this the Method to exalt his *Fame*,
And make his *Actions* deathleſs as his *Name*?
Retire; nor let----

Rab. ---Hold! hold! they write for Bread,
Their Cries ſeem juſt, and *Hunger* muſt be fed;
[*He gives 'em Money.*
Here, let me ſee how *Gold* inſpires the *Muſe*,
'Tis a *rich Cordial*, and of *Sov'reign Uſe*;
Blazon my *Worth*, gloſs ev'ry *Failing* o'er,
Leſſen my *Faults* and aggrandize my *Pow'r*;
Thro' diſtant Climates let my *Merit* ring,
My Motto this, *My Country, and my King*:
Here let my *Conduct*, there my *Faith* be told,
My *ſmall Poſſeſſions*, my *Contempt* of *Gold*;
My *Love* for *D'Anvers*, and my *Hate* to Strife,
But not *one Word* of PENSIONS for your Life:
Adieu, and proſper.----

Falſe. -----Sir, we'll ne'er abandon
So *firm* a *Patriot*, whilſt we've Legs to ſtand on;
And, tho' your *Honour* has ſupply'd our *Call*
With *Golden-Ink*, we'll dip our *Pens* in *Gall*.

[*Exeunt* Sir Whiff. Falſe. *and* Mouſeb.

Rab. My Spirits flag, my Blood forſakes my Face,
I dread my Brother ſhould *miſtake* the *Caſe*;
His *conſtant Error*, and *excuſeleſs Fault*,
Is *Want* of *Judgment*, and a *Want* of *Thought*;
But what tho' Nature han't beſtow'd him *Parts*,
My *Pow'r* can anſwer for his *mean Deſerts*:
'Tis true, the *Points* he treated on *Abroad*,
Requir'd a *Genius* abſolutely Good;
And where *Perplexities* confound the *Mind*,
The *Brains* grows *addled*, and the *Senſes blind*:
I'll move his Stay; for ſomething pleads aloud
To veil his *Foible* from the *cenſ'ring Crowd*.
(*Aſide.*)
E'er long we'll meet, 'till then, my Lord, adieu,
I've ſomething here, [*pointing to his Head*] and ſhall *provide* for *You*. [*Exit.*

L. *Lack.* That's well; now, now's the Criſis of my Fate,
To ſhine ſome glorious Figure in the *State*;
When *Pride* and *Malice* ſhew'd their utmoſt *Skill*,
I boldly ventur'd, and aſſum'd the *Quill*.

Enter Sir Whiffle Youngſter.

S. *Whif.* Joy to my Lord, I bring you *welcome News*,
Shall point once more your Sword, and chear your Muſe;
Deep in the immortal *Blunder's* Heart you dwell,
Who weighs your *Merit* in the fairеſt Scale;
Sheer-wit and *Craft*, moſt *inſolently loud*,
With *ſhameleſs Libels* animate the Crowd;
Thro' *canker'd Lines* the *ſubtle Poiſon* ſpreads,
And taints the Mind of *ev'ry Fool* who reads;

On those *black Scrolls* employ thy piteous Eyes,
[*Shews him a* Craftsman.
For when *his Fame's ecclips'd*, our *Glory* dies.
L. *Lack.* No more, Sir *Whiffle*, 'tis decreed that they
Shall *quit* the Field of *Contest*, or obey;
The *Pow'r's* still lodg'd within our *Patron's Hand*,
And where the *Law's* in Force, who dares withstand?
Mean time, we'll argue, meet, consult, advise,
And search like *Quacks*, where the Distemper lies;
S. *Whif.* Bravely resolv'd, then with *united Force*,
We'll chace the *Foe*, and drive him from the *Course*. [*Exeunt.*

The Scene opens and discovers Rabi *in a melancholly Posture; he rises and comes forward.*

S. *Pol.* Oh! what an *Art*, what *Cunning* it requires
To banish Grandeur from our soft Desires;
To breathe in Sounds melodious, soft, and sweet,
And lay the *Purple* at the Fair One's Feet?
What Pow'r has Beauty over all Mankind,
From the great Monarch, to the vulgar Hind?
Such is my Fate, and such the cruel Fair,
I mourn in Sighs, and languish in Despair;
My Staff, my Pow'r, my Treasure I'd resign,
To die in Transport, and to make her mine.

Enter Lord Lackwit *and Sir* Whiffle Youngster.

S. *Whif.* The Cause is lost, the luckless Day demands
Immediate *Succours* from the Heart and Hands;
Fortune at length has turn'd th' *uneven Scale*,
The *Yeas* are vanquish'd, and the *Nays* prevail.
Rab. Haste, my Lord *Lackwit*, to the scribbling Crew,
Summon their *Force*, and let 'em *join with You*.
Hark! how the Streets resound the *Conq'ror's Name*,
To their *great Honour*, our *eternal Shame*;
Urge ev'ry Reason in your *Patron's Praise*,
Urge ev'ry Reason in the *Foe's Disgrace*;
Cover each *doubtful Sentence* thick with Art,
Enforce the Judgment, and attract the Heart;
Let *Satire* rage with an *unbounded Power*,
And run the Round of *Malice* o'er and o'er,
Till *Faction*, aw'd by *Power*, declines her Place,
And sues for PARDON by some ACT of GRACE.

ACT VI. SCENE I.

The Scene opens, and discovers the Senators consulting.

Brut. —— SUCH was always my Suspicion; so just my Apprehensions. I did not enveigh against *Sejanus*, *Envergrandus*, or Cardinal *Woolsy*, without just Grounds and a substantial Foundation: I was willing to let *Dives* see his own Character and Image thro' their Mirrours; and I hoped he wou'd have wiped off those Specks, and cut off those Excrescences, which are now become monstrous Tumors, and odious Leprosies. His Guilt, so apparent and evident, calls upon our Wisdom and Prudence to act with Candor and Justice; to temper Mercy with Justice, if there be any Room for it; to proceed slowly, yet securely; to save our Country, retrieve our Glory, and revive our Fame.

Fabrit. I have no Reason to call in Question the Opinion and Resolution of this august Assembly, touching the Guilt and Male-practice of *Dives* and his Associates; but I remember it was this Day said by a Senator, who spoke in his Behalf, that he had the Sanction of Royal Authority to justify his Measures: This was strenuously argued and insisted upon, but though it was one of his own Subterfuge's and Finesses, however it may not be imprudent in us to address the good and gracious *Placidus* on this Matter.

2d. *Senat.* No truer Father of his Country, or a more firm Protector of our Lives and Liberties than *Placidus*, the Sun e'er saw; on nothing more intent is his Royal Mind, than our Prosperity and Welfare: His own Felicity, he professes to be involv'd in ours, and verily believes he never can be great and happy, if poor and miserable his Subjects are.

All Senat. Agreed; let us wait on *Placidus*. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Palace, King Placidus *under a Canopy of State, attended by Lords, Gaurds, &c.*

Enter Senators, and make their Obeiſance.

Brut. Moſt gracious *Cæſar*, ever Auguſt, ever Victorious, ever Happy; your loyal Senate, in Confidence of your known Goodneſs, and paternal Love to your Subjects, humbly beg Leave to lay their Complaints and Grievances before your Imperial Majeſty; and that your Majeſty will be graciouſly pleaſed to deliver up into the Hands of Juſtice, your Miniſter *Dives*, and his Accomplices, the Authors of all our Misfortunes; that they may be tried and judged according to the ancient and known Laws of our Conſtitution and Government.

Plac. Aſſure yourſelves, moſt worthy Senators, of my Readineſs to grant this, and all other Requeſts founded on Reaſon and Juſtice. I have no arbitrary and tyrannick Views to enſlave my good Subjects; their Greatneſs is my Glory, and their Happineſs will make me Happy: The one cannot ſubſiſt without the other. According therefore to your Requeſt, I leave thoſe evil Men to Law and Juſtice.

All Senat. For ever live the great, auguſt, the glorious and invincible *Cæſar*. [*Exeunt Sen.*

ACT VII. SCENE I.

The Scene changes to the Senate-houſe, the Senators ſitting in their Places, Officers of Juſtice attending, Dives *and other Criminals ſtanding at the Bar.*

Horat. THIS hard, 'tis wondrous hard, the Guilt of many ſhould be transferr'd to one; and it carries the Countenance of Malice, not of Juſtice, as if Picques and Reſentment guided our Councils; or, as if it were neceſſary that one muſt fall a Sacrifice to ſatisfy popular, but ungrounded, Diſcontents, and gratify the ſanguinary Thirſt of private Enemies.

Brut. A decent and modeſt Liberty of Speech was ne'er denied in this Aſſembly; but publickly and opprobiouſly to charge this auguſt Aſſembly with Malice, deſerves ſevere Cenſure and Animadverſion, if nothing worſe---- Indeed, conſidering by what Ties you are bound to the unhappy *Dives*, you may plead in Mitigation of the Rudeneſs of your Expreſſions, and plead for Pardon.

Horat. That I was too raſh and precipitate in my Expreſſions, I confeſs; and humbly beg Pardon of the Senate.---A Soul, ſo confuſed and deſturb'd as Mine; a Soul agitated with ſuch various Motions, and ſhock'd at the approaching and tragical Cataſtrophe, cannot be Serene and Calm, or guarded.

Senat. We forgive you, we forgive you.---- Proceed.

Horat. Your Candour and Goodneſs, moſt Eminent Fathers, with Thanks and Gratitude I acknowledge.--- Oh! That you would be Compaſſionate to the unfortunate *Dives*, and ſhew Mercy to him inſtead of ſtrict Juſtice and Severity! O venerable Fathers, the Blood of one Man cannot reconcile and cement diſcording Nations: One Sacrifice cannot Expiate and make Attonement for the various Perjuries and Violation of Publick Faith: The offended Gods dart not their Vengeance on every Criminal;---Mercy may reclaim Deliquents, and refraining from Puniſhment, may add for the future a uſeful Member to Society.

Bru. Mercy and Compaſſion are natural to human Conſtitutions; to this Aſſembly it was never wanting; but if thro' Kindneſs, or Excels of Clemency, the Senate ſhould be induced to pardon ſuch enormous Miſdemeanours, ſo long a Series of complicated Crimes, they would ſap their own Foundation, and ſubvert their own Baſis.--- As the Hopes of Impunity is a Motive to perpetrate the greateſt Villainy, ſo the Apprehenſion and Terror of Puniſhment is the greateſt on the Licentious and the Bold: It would be Weakneſs therefore rather than Mercy, it would be Madneſs rather than good Nature, to pardon the Man, who would have deſtroy'd our Conſtitution, taken away our Liberties, and made us, our Children, and Poſterity, Slaves for ever.--- Beſides, Precedents ſhould be avoided, if poſſible, becauſe they always have a dangerous Tendency, and ought to be ſeldom made, and even then with the greateſt Caution, as they are an Encouragement to others. It is therefore my Opinion that there is no Room, not the leaſt ſhadow of Pretence, to ſhew Mercy and Compaſſion to *Dives*.

Fabrit.

Fabrit. I can truly ſay, without Vanity, or Partiality to myſelf, that a more tender Nature, nor a more human Diſpoſition, than my own, is not in Life; with Pity and Concern I beheld the wretched *Dives*: Wretched by his own Arts and Schemes, by his wanton Dalliance with Power and Authority. But when I reflect on the Calamities and Miſeries, his Counſels and wicked Projects have brought upon us, My Soul is on Fire, and my Indignation riſes for Loſs of preſent Glory, and Thoughts of future Shame.

3*d. Senat.* It muſt be confeſs'd we are in a melancholly Condition; deſpiſed Abroad, impoveriſh'd at Home: The Means and Cauſe of theſe Misfortunes are the weak and raſh Machinations of *Dives*, and his Accomplices. Therefore Mercy to him will be Cruelty to ourſelves and Fellow-Subjects.

Senat. No Mercy, no Mercy.

Fabrit. Is it your Opinion, Fathers, that *Dives* is Guilty, of all the various and enormous Crimes with which he ſtands charged againſt the Honour and Dignity of his Imperial Majeſty, the Laws and Conſtitution of a free and ancient Common-weal, the Peace, Intereſt, and Poſterity of this our *Atlantick* Kingdom?

Senat. Guilty, guilty.

Fabrit. Is it your Pleaſure, Fathers, that I read and pronounce the Sentence and Decree of the Senate?

Senat. Yes, yes.

Fabritius reads the Sentence.

Whereas *Dives* the Senator hath for many Years paſt, exerciſed an Arbitary and Tyrannick Power over his Imperial Majeſty's Loving Subjects, and hath attempted to model our Conſtitution, and reduce all the Laws to his own Schemes and Humours: And whereas he the ſaid *Dives* hath ſunk the Honour, Dignity, and Glory of our Nation, and hath contracted Leagues and Friendſhip with the *Carthaginians*, the ancient Enemies of our Land, and involv'd us in various Difficulties, Hazards, Dangers, Loſſes, and Diſgraces; for theſe and other his notorious Crimes, Offences, and Miſdemeanours, it is the unanimous Reſolution and Decree of this Senate that he the ſaid *Dives* be degraded from all Honours and Dignities, and he is hereby degraded accordingly. And further, it is decreed by this Senate that the Eſtates of the ſaid *Dives* be confiſcated to the Publick Exchequer, his fine Houſe pull'd down, and eraſed from the Foundation. And moreover that he the ſaid *Dives* be committed to the Officers of Juſtice, who are hereby required and commanded to lead forthwith the ſaid *Dives* to the Place of Execution without the Gates of the City, and there cauſe his Head to be ſevered from his Body, according to the ancient *Atlantick* Cuſtom.

Fabrit. Officers take Care of your Priſoner, and do your Duty.

Tho' Stateſmen flouriſh by nefarious Wiles,
Fatt'ning in Luxury while Fortune ſmiles;
Impartial Juſtice, tho' She moves not faſt,
Will catch th' unwary Criminals at laſt.

Exeunt Omnes.

The Downfall of SEJANUS.

SCENE, A Common without the Walls of Rome, *with Gibbets, Halters, &c.*

Enter Punch *and a* Hangman.

Hang. I Am come to wait upon your Honour, and obey your Commands. —— Is this ſame *Sejanus* to go out of the World like a Man, or to die the Death of a mad Dog? He has liv'd like a ſad One, from the firſt Day that the Emperor *Tiberius* took him into Favour.

Punch. I cannot tell, for I have not yet received my Orders, but I expect them every Minute, and the Priſoner with them. —— What a ſudden Change has one Day produced! In the Morning he was adored like a Demi-god, and every Body ſtood in awe of him; now he is ſtrip'd of his ſhining Trappings, his Power, and Authority, every One deſpiſes him.

Hang. 'Tis very true, Maſter, I dreaded to ſee him, but I believe he will dread the Sight of me, and thoſe inſtruments of my Occupation. (*Points to the Gibbets, &c.*) If he be but ſaucy to dance in the Air, the Jig ſhall be long enough before he is out of Breath, except he comes down handſomely with the Ready: I never truſt by Retale, nor will I fix the Knot under the laſt Ear, except I am well paid for it.

Punch. How many Families have been ruined by this one great Miniſter! What Heaps of Treaſure had he heaped up, by ſelling Places, and uſurping the Authority of his imperial Maſter! But now the Day of Reckoning is come: And all he had is ſeized for the Service of *Tiberius*.

Hang. Then all my Hopes are vaniſhed into Air. —— Sure Miniſters and Court Favorites will take Warning for the future from his Example.

Punch. Suppoſe his Head is to be taken off.

Hang. One Blow with the Ax will do it, if I am well fee'd, otherwiſe I ſhall imitate our Lawyers, and do the Work by Halves. —— To divert the Time, I will ſing you a Song which I made myſelf. —— It is a Character of Evil Miniſters.

King John, *and the Abbot of* Canterbury.

GIVE Ear to my Ditty, 'tis merry and new,
The Oracle never ſpoke what is more true;
And this, when you hear it, brave Boys, you will own,
Or elſe, if you pleaſe, you may let it alone.
Derry down, down, down, derry down.

When Perſons, who ſpring from the Scum of the Earth,
And, at moſt, can but brag of a groveling poor Birth,
Bask in the Sun-ſhine of Favour to bask,
You muſt come Cap in Hand, if a Boon you wou'd ask.
Derry down, down, &c.

Their Hearts by Ambition are ſoon ſet on Fire,
And nought's uneaſy'd that can crown their Deſire;
But when to themſelves they engroſs once the Ear
Of their Prince, Lud! Lud! how they then domineer!
Derry down, down, &c.

No Turky-Cocks ever did ſtrut with more Pride,
But if you ſhou'd offer their Ways to deride,
Their Bull-dogs, or Grey-Hounds will certainly catch you,
And happy you are if they do not diſpatch you.
Derry down, down, &c.

Reſentment they carry to ſuch a great Length,
Againſt them in vain you oppoſe all your Strength;
If where they reſide there is found any Law,
They will ſtretch it to puniſh, and keep you in Awe.
Derry down, down, &c.

And when they attain to an abſolute Sway,
To them, like a Torrent, we all muſt give Way;
It is but a Folly to ſigh or complain,
Complaining and Sighing you'll find are in vain.
Derry down, down, &c.

By Schemes and Pretences new Impoſts are laid
To burden the Subject, and yet muſt be paid:
But that they take Care of themſelves, you may ſwear,
The Poor and the Needy the Preſſure muſt bear.
Derry down, down, &c.

Sejanus invented this Method at firſt,
Grew wealthy, but may he be ever accurſt;
May the Gods ſhew Compaſſion, and kindly befriend us,
And from ſuch vile Miniſters ever defend us.
Derry down, down, &c.

FINIS.